



UNMASKING

"Breaking news! The mysterious woman who claimed to have killed her husband was found dead in her apartment on tuesday evening. The police are investigating the murder but as what we have heard, the murder doesn't make much sense and..." The radio blasted with news as Hafiz drove ^{away} from his house. "oh, how cruel can a person be?" murmured to himself.

A ~~taxi driver~~ ^{with the pretty wife} The ugly taxi driver, that was how people knew Hafiz.

He was taking a look around the market when a lady hurriedly opened the door and sat behind him. The woman's face was masked with black clothe but the eyes. The eyes seemed familiar to him. It was someone he knew, he was sure. Since his english wasn't fluent, he avoided ~~asking~~ ^{asking} ~~him~~ ^{thoughts} questions and started the car.

"Here to where?!"

In his broken english but with a perfect smile, he inquired the woman. No answer. He turned his head to the back and asked again,

"Here to where, Madam?" ~~And~~ the woman eyed him with so much intense that ~~felt~~ ~~about~~ looking ~~at~~ ~~his~~ ~~soul~~ he felt ^{like} a dagger ^{was} ^{piercing} ^{to} his soul.

"Here to Heaven." said the woman grinning.

"Okay, Madam. Hold tight! Wait, what—" confused, he looked into the same ^{brown} eyes again. but this time, what he felt wasn't fake.

The masked lady stabbed him! He stayed put for a second, not able to wrap his head around what ^{was} happening. The heart which was so pure and gold was now a bloody, wounded piece of flesh.

The blood dripped from his white shirt to the car seat, ^{creating} ~~making~~ an utter chaos.

In cruciating pain, he waited, the last breath he took and then—

"No! God! Save me! No!!" woke up Habib from yet another nightmare. ~~the~~ "Am I dead?" He sobbed, touching his chest. This was the ninth time he had the exact same dream, but not once did he see the masked woman's face.

"Why God? Why me? Why this ~~is~~ nightmare, all time?" He cried out, punching ~~the~~ a wall. 'Will I ever be able to wake up ~~peacefully~~ with tranquility?' he thought to himself, wiping the melancholic tears. ^{-ity?}



with an unbearable headache, Hafiz took off in his taxi. His head spun faster than the earth. The sweat and exhaustion never left his side. Soon, his body gave up and he fell into a deep slumber. He slept like an infant, ~~snoring~~ and drooling over his red t-shirt.

The ^{sun}~~sky~~ was crimson red when his eyes opened. Yawning, he ^{looked around}~~looked~~ ^{carelessly}~~around~~, thankful for not having any ^{nightmares}~~dreams~~. As he took his hands to rub his sleepy eyes, something cold touched his face. A sharp knife. He was holding a sharp knife covered in blood! And no, he wasn't in his taxi, he was standing in an apartment. A strange but oddly familiar apartment. Blood, there was blood everywhere. And a lady. ~~any~~ A lady laying on the floor covered in red! "God!" screamed Hafiz. "Did... Did he... kill her?" A sudden shiver ran through his spine and the knife in his hands ~~fell~~ dropped ~~to the~~ "Clank!" The ^{sound of} metal touching.

the floor ~~jumped~~ ~~scared~~ ~~him~~ made him pee his pants.
"This has to be another nightmare. This isn't real.
I can never kill a person." Blabbered to himself.

slowly but carefully, he took a look at
the lady's face. His jaw dropped to the ground.

It was the masked woman!

His trembling hands ~~and~~ unhesitatingly removed the
mask and the face he saw then scarred
his life. The masked lady was his wife!

He killed his... wife? He couldn't remember anything.
But ~~he~~ ~~was~~ wearing a white shirt. ~~now~~ the same white shirt.
But then -

that nightmare? Was she the one who
stabbed him? What ~~was~~ in the world was happen-
-ing? This was too much for him to handle.
Hatiz fainted and fell right over his wife's
lifeless body. ***

Hatiz ~~was~~ is a ghost.

The nightmare he saw was reality. The
masked woman had stabbed ~~a~~ him that evening.
His nightmares were his, ~~strong~~ eagerness for
revenge. But dead he was. He roamed ~~in~~ ~~a~~ here
for his soul wasn't in peace.

And that's why he killed her. The monster in
him made him forget his wrongdoings.

His last words to his wife was,

"Here, to Hell! ~~you~~ Happy journey."

Since the murder was mystical, the police



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stopped their investigation as no clues were found. ~~the~~

Only an evil can ^{abolish} ~~kill~~ another evil.

^{at} The radio played, "Breaking news! The mysterious woman who claimed to have killed her husband was found dead in her apartment this Tuesday evening."

THE END

